Volume LXXXI CHICAGO, May 23, 1918 Number 12

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

YOUR MISSION.

If you cannot on the ocean
Sail among the swiftest fleet,
Rocking on the highest billow,
Laughing at the storms you meet,
You can stand among the sailors,
Anchor'd yet within the bay,
You can lend a hand to help them
As they launch their boats away.

If you are too weak to journey
Up the mountain steep and high,
You can stand within the valley,
While the multitudes go by,
You can chant in happy measure,
As they slowly pass along,
Tho' they may forget the singer
They will not forget the song.

Do not, then, stand idly waiting
For some greater work to do;
Fortune is a lazy goddess,
She will never come to you.
Go and toil in any vineyard,
Do not fear to do or dare,
If you want a field of labor,
You can find it anywhere.

—*E. H. Gates.*

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL—
Notes 191
Exit—Billy Sunday! 193
THE PULPIT—
The Outside of the Church.—Frank Carleton Doan 195
CONTRIBUTED AND SELECTED—
The Un-Conscripted Heart.—Elmer Willis Serl 194
Uncle Tom's Cabin Re-read.—Ruth R. Pearson 198
Smokeless and Beerless Days.—*Exchange*..... 199
Welcome Grosbeaks.—*George S. Brown*..... 202
CORRESPONDENCE—
Seventieth Birthday Reception of George Willis Cooke.—N. S. Hoagland 200
POETRY—
Your Mission.—*E. H. Gates*..... 189
Wanderers.—Thomas Curtis Clark..... 190
Vernon Castle.—*Harriet Monroe* 193
"Jest Set."—*Madeline Yale Wynne*..... 194
1914-1918.—James H. West..... 198
THE SUNDAY SCHOOL—
The History and Practice of Religion; Beginnings; XVII. The Thought of Heaven and Hell 201
THE FIELD—
Unitarian Temperance Society.—*E. Tilton*..... 203
A Glimpse of Sermaize.—*Lewis S. Gannett*..... 203

UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY, ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, CHICAGO

House Furnishings
Hardware
Janitor Supplies

Buy At Home
Save Money

Reich Bros.
3972 Cottage Grove Ave.

Carry a Complete
line at lowest prices

Telephone Drexel 440

Pay Gas Bills Here
Free of charge

THE Keeley Treatment

For Liquor, Opium, Morphine
and Other Drug Using

Successful for 33 Years

**and still the best because
we keep up to date always**

We have remedies which cure the *Tobacco Habit and Nervousness at home* without interfering with business.

Send for Illustrated Free Booklet
All Correspondence Confidential in plain envelope

The Keeley Institute
DWIGHT, ILL.
Chicago Office:
Suite 906 Rector Bldg.
79 W. Monroe Street

TELEPHONES
Douglas 6404-6405-6406-6407

Clark-Lyon Co.

FINE GROCERIES
and
MEATS

FRUITS
and
VEGETABLES

3917-19 Cottage Grove Ave.

TO UNITY'S NEW READERS

No magazine can live without continual new subscriptions. The best advertisements of any periodical are its readers.
UNITY so far this year has made a remarkable showing.
Its subscription list is rapidly increasing.
We want YOU to help us keep up this showing.
Make it a point to interest at least one new reader in UNITY during 1918.
There *are* thoughtful people who would *like* and who will *read* UNITY.
Pass it around.

Subscription price, $2.00 per year.

UNITY PUBLISHING CO., 700 Oakwood Blvd., CHICAGO

KENWOOD FLORAL CO.
HENRY HILMERS, Prop.
Choice Plants and Cut Flowers
Phone Oakland 78. 1117 East 47th Street

Phone Oakland 489 JANITORS' SUPPLIES
Everything in
HARDWARE
AT
PORTER'S
4236 Cottage Grove Ave.

WRIGHT & COMPANY
STEAM—DOMESTIC
COAL
TELEPHONE YARDS 5166
Main Office and Storage Yards:
3400 South Racine Avenue
CHICAGO

1902—One Wagon
1911—10 Wagons
and
FOUR AUTOMOBILES

We are patronized by those who desire and appreciate an excellent quality of laundry work.

Bissell Laundry Co.
Phone Douglas 1003
653-59 39th Street Chicago

Bowman Dairy Company
MILK BOTTLED IN THE COUNTRY
Milk Cream Butter Buttermilk
DO OUR WAGONS SERVE YOU?
WHY NOT HAVE THE BEST?
4221-4229 State Street Telephones at all Division Offices
EVANSTON CHICAGO OAK PARK

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXXI. THURSDAY, MAY 23, 1918 NUMBER 12

WANDERERS.

Our feet have wandered from Thy path,
O lowly Christ of Galilee,
Sweet prophet of the helping hand,
Meek Lord of love and sympathy.

Thy faith was but to walk with God
With humble heart and open mind,
But we have builded shrines of stone
In which to worship—spirit-blind!

In poverty Thy life was set;
No place was Thine to lay Thy head;
But they must dwell in lordly pomp
By whom our stately prayers are said.

We lift our heads in loveless vows,
We glory in our well-wrought creed,
Though righteousness alone avails,
Though mercy is the only need.

Break down, O Christ, our heartless faiths,
And give to us that spirit fine
Which feels in Thee a Comrade strong,
In every soul a friend of Thine.

Chicago. THOMAS CURTIS CLARK.

Dr. Coleman Adams in the *Universalist Leader* for May 18 has an article upon "The Divine Law of Hate." Is not this a dangerous military movement, an attempt to mobilize the forces of religion in the defence of, or at least in justification of war? "The fear of the Lord is to hate evil" is a text long used in the interest of devoutness. To make this text serve as a justification for the killing of men is to say the least a little bit far fetched. There is a strategic use of words as there is of men. Temptation to double meanings and etymological camouflage are great in these days.

The *American Journal of Theology* for April contains a second article from the pen of James Westfall Thompson on "Church and State in Mediaeval Germany." This journal is published by the University of Chicago Press and the campus of this institution is very militant. We wonder whether the management would allow Professor Thompson to bring his studies down to date. Be that as it may, Germany cannot be eliminated out of the history of church and state. The thinking of the modern world would be very different from what it is had it not been informed and illuminated by German scholarship and German science. There are none too many sources of inspiration. We need to preserve all there are.

Chicago has a "Bureau of Public Efficiency" of which Julius Rosenwald is chairman and Walter Fisher one of the trustees. It has recently put forth a bill looking towards the reorganization of the municipal government with a view to adopting The City Manager Plan to the great metropolis. It would reduce the number of aldermen from seventy to thirty-five, one for each ward, make the mayor an officer to be elected by the council for an indefinite term and to be selected from any part of the United States. Party preferences and political manipulations are to be eliminated. It may be a long while before Chicago is willing to adopt some such rational plan as this but ultimately something like this must obtain. Let the agitation be continued.

The Reverend Charles W. Gilkey, the successful pastor of the great Hyde Park Baptist Church in Chicago, although militant in his attitude, has the courage to face the blind patriotism that rejoices in the slogan, "My Country Right or Wrong." He is reported as saying in a recent address at Atlantic City that "this is international anarchy, the trump card of the Prussian and the cause of the present war. It is equivalent to saying every nation for itself and the Kaiser take the hindmost." And still the pulpits of the land ring with their denunciation of and are lurid in their rhetoric for those who seek to set their country right when to them it seems to be swayed by ignoble motives, those who will not lend themselves to the fell business of "Prussianizing" the world, if that word is to be accepted as representing the philosophy of force as the last resource in the solution of international difficulties.

The leading editorial in the *Pacific Unitarian* for May echoes an English discussion on the necessary requirements in a minister's preparation. Dr. Jacks, the present head of the Manchester College, the school from which most of the Unitarian ministers of England have come, puts Old Testament, New Testament, Christian history and the philosophy of religion as the four essential subjects with homiletics and sociology added. The *Pacific Unitarian* suggests that it might supplement these four with another four, art, music, general literature and liturgies. Many will also be surprised to learn that Dr. Jacks denies that the Manchester College is denominational. This is a similar evolution which the Cambridge Divinity

School in America has undergone, a school organized and sustained by the Unitarian movement, but which has never accepted denominational limitations. Perhaps the explanation is that both in England and America it is the destiny of the Unitarian denomination to render itself unnecessary; it triumphs in its death. Born out of a protest, when the need of that protest is gone its reason for being goes with it.

Is it possible that presidents like other human beings are capable of change; that sometimes the change may be for degeneracy as well as progress? The president whom the people of the United States elected to his high office in 1916 was the one who declared for a peace without victory, who was determined to keep the country out of war that it might the more effectively fill the office of peacemaker. The president of recent date has reduced the whole demand of the situation to force! force! still more force, and still later has made declaration for an unlimited army, even five millions is no fitting limit. Hereafter in the tactics of President Wilson and Lloyd George, which tactics from the beginning have been the Kaiser's, no code obtains except the code of the ring. It is a battle to the finish. Meanwhile, while nations as well as individuals are bleeding to death, growing faint from hunger, peevish and petulant from sheer exhaustion, the heart of love, the gospel of reason, the laws of life are being menaced more and more. The hearts of the coming generations are being hardened, the ideals coarsened, the voice of love and the message of the Chris become less and less audible.

A heart throb comes from across the sea. A spiritual leader whom many men and women have learned to call blessed, a minister of religion whose power has been recognized on both sides of the Atlantic, writes:

> Dear UNITY: I congratulate you on your magnificent stand. Week by week your message and your testimony are marrow to my bones. Each time I open your pages, I thank God for you. These are not days in which we can open our hearts to one another, so I conclude and assure you of my devoted comradeship.

'Spite of wars and rumors of wars, in defiance of censors and of militant ecclesiastics who are so diligent in Europe and America in beating pruning hooks into spears and plowshares into swords, the realities of a World Religion and the actualities of a World Brotherhood are all the more profound when driven to underground and undersea manifestations.

"The Institute of Religious Education," which for the last nine years has been held during the summer months in co-operation with the Meadville Theological School at Meadville, Pennsylvania, will this year be conducted, under the same auspices, in Chicago, beginning July 8 and continuing for two weeks. Dr. Soares of the University of Chicago, Professor Anna Garlin Spencer, Dr. Francis A. Christie, Dr. Lawrence and Miss Florence Buck will lead the studies. The summer session of the Meadville Theological School will also meet in Chicago and Drs. Southworth, Christie and Professor Spencer will give lectures.

We take pleasure in giving room in our news columns to the appeal of the Unitarian Temperance Society, signed by the efficient campaigner, Mrs. Tilton, entitled "Ratification Year." We are not among those who look for many benign influences to come out of the bloody strife of war. Battlefield smoke is not conducive to the clear sky or an open vision, but it does seem that the hope for federal temperance enactment is made brighter through the dire exigencies of battle. The brewers and distillers have lost an ascendancy in American politics never again to be regained. Their wastefulness has been unmasked, their uselessness has been demonstrated and the debauching effect of alcohol upon the man in uniform is equalled daily upon the man in overalls or the lady or gentleman in full dress. It is an opportune time for temperance work. We rejoice in the achievements of the Methodists and Baptists and are quite as ready to co-operate with them as with the Unitarian Ratification Committee. We hope that not many committees will be formed bearing no denominational labels. Here at least is a chance for inter-denominational work and here as elsewhere team work tells.

And now it is the "Cornell Class of 1873" that rises to the patriotism which calls upon their Alma Mater to revoke its certificate of graduation and degrees conferred upon David Starr Jordan forty-five years ago on account of his attitude upon the war. The time is long since passed since anybody stopped to ask what institutions conferred upon Dr. Jordan his degrees. But the institutions that had a hand in his making have been quick and proud to claim the honor. Few people will know or care who are members of the "Cornell Class of '73," but everybody knows that David Starr Jordan has long since outgrown all academic handles, all decorative prefixes and suffixes. A year ago when the graduating class of Leland Stanford University received their diplomas signed by the successor of the great president who shaped the great university, scores of the graduates begged for the signature on their diplomas of the one who had no longer any official connection with that institution, but who is still a spiritual leader, a prophet of the great institution.

honored wherever learning is honored, and as history will testify, honored still more by this petty attempt to cloud the honor of Cornell University. But the institution shaped by Ezra Cornell and Andrew D. White is not to be demeaned, let us hope, by such blind devotion to a narrow patriotism. David Starr Jordan is Dean of the American faculty in the International University devoted to science, history and art in all countries.

Exit — Billy Sunday!

Billy Sunday has been and gone. His ten weeks campaign was closed last Sunday night with a fitting spectacular finale. The Monday morning newspapers hastened to give the final statistics, for the work of Sunday is nothing if it is not statistical. The *Tribune* figures down the "trail hitters" to 49,165, about one-half of the New York "converts," and the total attendance at the meetings led by Mr. Sunday and his assistants in the tabernacle and out of it is put at 1,200,000. The money raised for current expenses is given as $135,000 and the free will offering to Billy Sunday personally, which was given over to the Pacific Garden Mission, amounted to $56,000. The number of churches co-operating were 424.

The *Herald-Examiner,* not to be outdone by the *Tribune,* adds 800,000 to the total attendance and makes the total receipts $222,000, which is $31,000 in excess of the *Tribune* estimate. It carries its gospel arithmetic still further and finds that the cost of the converts was $3.40 per head.

It is well that the books be posted promptly for the results of such a campaign reach their maximum at this culmination. It would be harder to make a statistical report twelve months hence. Even in the immediate present it would be difficult to check up on these "trail hitters," and it is safe to assert that many of them failed to follow the trail beyond the sawdust path. It would be interesting to know how many new names have been added to the rolls of the 424 churches involved.

We would not discount the potency of an earnest soul and we gladly recognize the fervor that at least succeeded in churning the soul of the orator now into passionate indignation and again into perfervid ecstasy. And it must be recorded that the Chicago ministers did their best to make his appeal effective, but the sacrifice required on the part of many of them was very real. Their academic training was insulted, their interest in science and allegiance to the truths established by the same must have been suspended, their respect for the refinement of speech and chaste diction must have been offended. The slow, sure, all-the-year-round devotion to the routine of religious work and rational piety has been depressed. The old inspirations of the study have been for the time being cheapened if not impugned. They have been living on spiritual *chili con carne,* which in newspaper parlance is "hot stuff," too much pepper for steady wholesome diet in this latitude. As for Chicago as a whole it was too big to be much stirred. Two million and a half of people were not much thrilled by the performances in the tabernacle on the lake shore. Although Mr. Sunday was a valiant recruiting officer, an aggressive solicitor for Red Cross funds and an old time campaigner against booze and denouncer of saloonkeepers, it is doubtful whether he advanced much the cause of civic righteousness and sane patriotism. Certainly *his* "Gospel of the Christ" was a sulphuric one. "Devil" and "hell" were "worked" for all they were worth. In his closing prayer he called down benedictions upon Chicago and invoked awful maledictions upon the head of the Kaiser and his followers.

Many individual souls have doubtless been stirred, a few of them so profoundly that it will change their mode of living, many have been amused and multitudes have simply watched the performance which has confirmed their skepticism as to the truth of current theology and the spiritual power of organized orthodox religion, both of which have received serious injury at the hands of their friends under the lead of Billy Sunday.

Chicago will recover from this spiritual debauch. The ministers of religion will slowly regain their intellectual self-respect. They will recover from their exhaustion, catch their breath again and settle down to the slow, high task of religious nurture, spiritual training and intellectual development.

And there now remains the tabernacle, the largest auditorium ever built in Chicago, which cost $60,000, and it is offered for sale. One bid has already been made by a wrecking company.

VERNON CASTLE.

Dead dancer, how is this?—the laurel here
Upon your bier?
The brazen wings, the sword—and the shrill tone
Of bugles blown?

Why do you wear, light-footed one—O proud!—
The flag for shroud?
Where have you danced? From what high spheréd dome
Have you come home?

Bravo!—you trod the measure gallantly,
Swiftly flew free!
Good-by—perhaps your flight has just begun
Under the sun.

—Harriet Monroe.

The Un-Conscripted Heart

The real causes of joy are the little things, as a rule. I mean that real joy comes from the presence in the world of such little things as a friendly nod, an understanding word, the broken bread of an undisturbed hour of hospitality, the goodwill of working hours, the consideration of man for man in pleasure-seeking, the sunshine of early morning spilled over the greening earth, the varied colors of the open sea, the glory of dawn and sunset, the robin and its song.

In one sense these are not little things, for they are forces which reach far back and far ahead in human consciousness. Some of them are the products of natural powers beyond human understanding and manipulation. But they are little in their commonness and their unobtrusiveness. They do not thrust themselves into our attention. They simply exist and we may see them and feel their influence, or be unaware of them and ignore them. They are constants. We are variables. If they were to plan themselves they would cease to be. The essence of their reality is their self-unconsciousness.

The real and valuable things are always the unobtrusive, and not the forceful. We are sometimes in grave danger, when we consider large and stirring events, that we will fail to see the things of real significance, which for the time are lost to sight. The operations of material forces are bulking big in human consciousness today. None of us can be utterly unmindful of them, for they influence us more or less. But their influence, whether more or less, is not a spiritual asset, for hate, unreason, cruelty and hypocrisy are in their train.

I am acquainted with a conscript. He is a man of independent thought and he looks upon the events of his environment from the detachment of his mental and spiritual life. He is, as it were, two men. The one man in him performs his duties and obeys commands. The other man in him stands aloof and observes and stores away impressions over against that day when both men in him shall be again correlated in the duties and pleasures of peace, if he be fortunate enough to live. This man will preserve his soul in the world welter, because to hm that welter will be secondary in importance to his soul. His letters to me contain observations on the sky above him, the progress of the seasons, the machine of which he is a part, which show that his personality can never be conscripted.

To those of like personality the little things are the joy causers, for the little things are observed and carry with them a spiritual influence.

Think of the friendly nod! How it will set one's day all attune! One is depressed, perhaps, by the reflex of nerves which have been at a tension, and one has slumped to melancholy. One just then meets a friendly nod from a chance passer-by. It acts as sunlight athwart a cloudy landscape.

Think of the understanding word! One has, perhaps, been criticized unjustly and wrong inferences drawn from one's words and actions. In that moment of isolation a friend speaks some word of understanding and one is instantly strengthened to maintain his convictions, without trimming to popular passion.

Think of breaking bread in some hour of quietness! From the distraction and distemper of events and peculiar persons you are asked to partake of the simple hospitality of one who keeps in his life the quiet hour inviolate. While you sit sheltered there you receive refreshment, not only from the material bread, but also from the spiritual bread, of which the former is but the symbol.

Think of the good will of working hours! When it is lacking toil is a curse. When good will is present the fellowship of toil becomes the true socialism of the spirit.

Think of the consideration which may be manifest in hours of pleasure-seeking! There is no crowding and jealousy, but, instead, mutual regard, and recreation becomes a means to brotherhood.

Think of the sunshine of early day as it falls upon the home yard, your fields, your God's earth! So responsive to light and shadow is the human spirit that morning sunlight does for many a person what prayers and church service sometimes fail to accomplish.

Think of the varied colors of the open sea! If you have ever looked upon those colors, which are so suggestive of cool, pure depths, and salty tang in the air which blows across them, you know how easily your spirit escapes beyond its cramped environment just at the glimpse of them.

Think of dawn and sunset glory! The freshness of the morning, the renewal of the spent forces of the night before; the flame of sunset speaking to you of largeness and repose—these have been to many the matins and vespers of their religious devotions.

Think of the robin and its song when you await the spring after the rigor of the winter! Suppose that the robin became extinct! No early morning song in the budding maples! No red breast against the green. No carroll at twilight! No brooding call above the nestlings! The robin is ever the symbol of spring, even in summer, carryinng about with it the expectancy of the new season.

All these things, and ever so many other little things, keep joy alive in the human heart. A noble slogan would be, "The world safe for joy!" May we keep that freshness of spirit which will respond to the influence of little things!

ELMER WILLIS SERL.

"JEST SET."

Lanson Smith married Almon Hubbel's half-sister
Maria—the one Almon Hubbel's wife
Said she didn't care if she never see ag'in.
Maria, was a dose, but she done her duty,
Once she seen it.
She was Orthodox to the core,
And he was a Unitarian, and rather sore
On the subj' 'cause he had turned coat the year before.
Folks ast her where she'd worship now,
Seein' she'd got married;
And she said as how
They'd fixed it up that she
Should go to his church every other Sabbath,
And on the off Sunday he
Would go to hern.
"I shall worship," say she, "in the Orthodox pew,
And jest set in the Unitarian."

—Madeline Yale Wynne.

From "Si Briggs' Talks," published by Houghton Mifflin Company.

THE PULPIT

The Outside of the Church

A Sermon Preached in All Souls' Church, Summit, N. J. by Frank Carleton Doan

I.

Some years ago a group of men, for the most part preachers and specialists in religious education, met together in the Common Room of the theological school where I happened to be teaching. The object of this solemn conclave was to discuss in an informal and frank spirit the problems of the Christian ministry and the prospects of the Christian Church. We had some big men with us—men whose years had brought them discretion and whose scholarship put them in a position to speak with authority. Dr. Hugh Black of Union, Dr. Foster of Chicago, Dean Fenn of Harvard, Dr. Crothers, the Cambridge essayist, and the like of them.

We took ourselves pretty seriously, let me tell you. We were there to make the world safe for Christianity! Nothing short of that. We promptly threw all our favorite theories into the common pot and in no time they were in a pretty stew.

But all the while I kept watching Dr. Crothers out of the corner of my eye. There he sat with that friendly, quizzical smile of his: anyone could see plainly enough that he had a *morceau* all his own brewing in his mind. For a long time he listened to us in silence. But at last he seemed to feel that his time had come. So he spoke up. He gave it out as his opinion that never since the days of the gifted Galilean himself had the world heard such passionate and uncompromising preaching of justice and righteousness as in this very hour of its history. He went on celebrating at length the fearless preachers of this present generation. He had all us wondering who and where these great prophets were. We began to feel, some of us for the first time, a pardonable pride in ourselves and in our chosen profession.

The pride that goeth before a fall! For after filling us with this exalted opinion of our place in society, Dr. Crothers with his inimitable air of perfect innocence abruptly ended his panegyric on present day preaching by saying, "I only wish we could get a little of this preaching into the pulpits of the land!" And you should have seen us experts in religious theory come down with a bang.

II.

Dr. Crothers knew enough not to spoil this sally by going on to explain his meaning. He didn't need to. We all knew perfectly well what he was driving at. Anyone who is at all sensitive to the signs and movements of the times knows that the really significant forces in modern life, all of them, are operating outside the church. Of course there are honorable exceptions to prove this unfortunate rule. Here and there you will find a preacher who has the modern spirit and whose people hear him gladly. But, if you want to hear justice preached with understanding, and righteousness with passion, it is a good rule to follow, not to go to church. Go out on Boston Common rather; or to Union Square in New York and listen to the denunciations of some soap-box agitator. Go to a Forum meeting somewhere and hear some man of their own class pleading the cause of the dispossessed members of the social body. Go to a mass meeting in Faneuil Hall or Madison Square Garden. Here are the great congregations of this twentieth century. No consecrated altars, no hand-ordained preachers. But justice is proclaimed in these places just the same—proclaimed with an understanding heart and with a fanatic faith which bodes ill for all the hand-made privileges and socrasanct customs of this present generation.

Or maybe you want to see justice organized and getting ready in the name of God's masses to take possession of the properties and institutions of society. Here again it is a good rule to follow, to pass by the darkened churches of the land. The forces that are really making for a commonwealth of justice in the world today are working through great mass movements outside the church. If you would see these forces at their work, go to a Central Labor Union Hall some night; or attend a regular meeting of some Socialist Local; or go, early so that you can get in, to a public meeting of the People's Council; or go visit the People's House in New York City, a veritable university founded by the masses with their own money and dedicated to their own rights. In these and a score of other directions, all of them leading away from the church, you may go today and see a great commonwealth of justice and righteousness actually in the making.

A great mass-religion, too. The spirit of God, which is none other than the eternal spirit of justice and righteousness, is the soul of these great mass movements in every generation. The proletariat of today, as of old, are finding the only religion they can understand, the only religion that brings them any strength or inspiration, in these mass-meeting places of their class in society. But, alas, the average church man, be he lay or clerical, is either indifferent or hostile to these mass movements, if indeed he be not wholly ignorant of their existence.

III.

William T. Stead said it when he wrote "If Christ Came to Chicago." In that he gave to the world an absolutely practical standard for judging the institutions and professions of society. By a single stroke he cut the ground from under all the shams and superstitions on which organized Christianity has been builded through the centuries. Time was when, to justify the church, it was enough to point to the splendid work it is doing, and always has, in visiting the sick, in comforting the sorrowing, in subduing the appetites of passionate men, and all that. And I for one do not find it in my heart to speak disparagingly or lightly of this friendly service the church performs for humankind. Any parish minister, who has been at all faithful to his charge, has many sacred memories of hours in which it has been his privilege to straighten the crooked ways and smooth out the rough places in the lives of his people. But since Stead we know that this is not enough. Spiritual friendship, sacred as it is, is not the whole duty of the church. It is true that Christ, with all Palestine as his parish, went about on errands of healing and mercy. But he also threw himself, body and soul, into the great mass movement of his own day. This was in fact the real passion of Christ. With what result the whole world

knows. In less than three years of such public agitation they had him hanging senseless upon a Roman cross—condemned and executed as a preacher of sedition against Rome and the Sanhedrin, an enemy of Cæsar and Caiaphas.

By this mass-test the church today is no better than the synagogue of nineteen centuries ago. If such another man as Jesus—I mean a man with the self-same spirit of Christ in him—should arise out of the masses today, he would find little following and little comfort in the church which bears his name. With tragically few exceptions, as he would soon discover, the church has no understanding of the mass movements of the present generation. Today, as of old, he would have to turn for support to the masses, the people of his own class—this, not from choice nor in any narrow doctrinaire spirit, but from necessity, simply because the forces making for his coming commonwealth of justice are to be found outside the church in the hearts and minds of the world's proletariat.[1]

IV.

There is nothing new in this indictment of organized Christianity. For a generation and more thoughtful men outside have wondered at the church's apathy, its failure to face the really vital issues of its time, its stubborn refusal to participate in or even to countenance the contemporary movements of the Common Peoples of the earth.

This, I say, for a generation and more. And now unhappily they can clinch their criticism of the church by pointing to its timidity and impotence in the face of the Great War in Europe.

Here we have it, they say: the world passing through the greatest moral crisis in all history; never before such eternal issues at stake; never before the counsels of moderation and common sense, to say nothing of justice and love, so urgently needed; the great masses of mankind, Christ's Commons, once more being led forth like sheep to the shambles. And yet in no class in society, unless it be among the extreme Chauvinists, will you find such appalling ignorance of the issues at stake and such utter want of moral insight and moral enthusiasm as among the spiritual illiterates who have been organized to preach the gospel of Christ to this generation.

In this hour of their greatest need the masses have had to turn, whether for information or for inspiration, to leaders outside the church. They may not always speak the language of the schools, these unordained leaders of the people. They may not be up in ecclesiastical history or in the creeds of Christendom. In moments of exasperation they may even speak derisively of the church. But they are experts in the mass movements of their day and generation. They know the economic history of the world and can draw from that all the creeds and all the prescriptions the masses of mankind can ever need for their salvation and their healing.

It is they who have once more exposed before the eyes of the world the economic motive, that ancient propulsion of greed, back of all war; they who have reviewed for the masses the diplomatic history of Europe since 1870, telling them to a page in Neilson or Russell or Dickinson, or Stowell, or some other documentary authority, where to find the terms of the diplomatic agreements, some public but mostly secret, as to Morocco, the Bagdad Railway terminal, the partition of Persia,—intrigues which finally precipitated the world into this great conflict in Europe.[2]

And when, in consequence of all this sordid intriguing for neighboring territories and for distant colonies and for the markets in the Near and Far East, the war-cloud at last began to gather over Europe, it was to these same leaders and prophets outside the church that the betrayed masses had to turn for moral support and inspiration. In those last days of July, 1914, on the street corners of Berlin, of Paris, of London, of Petrograd, and in all centers where the common people were massed together, voices were heard counselling the ruling cast to desist, beseeching the mobilizing armies to halt in their tracks, commanding the world diplomats to settle their disputes without spilling the people's blood,—the voices of organized labor and international socialism summoning their working forces and threatening the faithless rulers of the earth, in the event of war, with a paralyzing strike of the industrial workers of the world.

Do you remind me that when the crisis came these forces were all found wanting? Yes, my cynical friend, I know very well that once the storm had broken over Europe, all these forces for the most part went to pieces and scattered to the side of their respective governments. Blood is pretty thick after all; and tradition pretty blinding; nor is it easy for men, even for conviction's sake, to stand up against a wall and be shot down as traitors. It takes a Christ to face such crucifixion. But the masses outside the church, I'm afraid, won't ever forget that in those last hours when the war-cloud was darkening the counsels of churchmen and the world's respectability; when the priests of the Prince of Peace were for the most part silent, not even counselling delay or moderation and in some shameless instances clamoring for blood and vengeance; when these faithless apostles of a mammon-serving church lost what little moral sense they had, and began to hush up and frown down all the peace-making phrases of their Master and, in practice, to expurgate the Sermon on the Mount from their Scripture readings—the People won't ever forget, I say, that in this hour of the church's crowning shame, these faithful representatives of the organized commons on the earth were lifting up their voices in one last futile cry for peace.

And, what's more, when the true history of this great conflict is written, the world will learn that a small minority of these mass-men never did yield—gladly preferring imprisonment and in some cases execution rather than betray the comrades of their own class; that in the brief period of the war up to date that minority has steadily grown toward a threatening majority; that, despite the determined opposition of all the established governments of the world, international conferences of socialists and labor representatives have been held, notably at Zimmerwald, to go on record against war and to demand an immediate

1. To be sure the Social Service Boards of the leading denominations, as also the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ, have adopted various "social programs" within the last decade. But with one exception (and that a notable one, viz., the "Report of the Social Service Commission of the Universalist Church," which gets right down to the cause of present day "social unrest") these programs are not remedial but palliative in the expedients they propose: they seek to relieve rather than to cure the social disease.

2. And more recently it is they who have transmitted to the masses the amazing agreements, made public the other day by the Bolshevik government, secret treaties by which during the war now this and now that smaller nation was forced by threats or lured by promises into taking sides in the great conflict.

negotiation of peace. And, when at last it is all over and the true history of it is written, the world will learn that this greatest war in all the ages was terminated not by any military victory but by revolutionary uprisings of the masses as in Russia, by organized strikes as in Germany and Austria, and by the protests and demands of organized labor as in England.

V.

For all this information and inspiration the Peoples of the earth, I say, have had to turn to informers and seers outside the church. In this great period in the history of the world the church has lost its supremest opportunity of spiritual leadership. The forces it should have fostered and strengthened, the mass-movements it should have housed and defended are one and all to be found outside its four forbidding walls today.

As to the future who can prophesy? The church may go down and out, remembered of men only to be despised for its twentieth-century recreancy to the rights and needs of the common peoples of the earth. Or, like many another institution chastened by the Great War itself, it may repent in sackcloth and ashes and begin for once really to follow its Leader whose spirit it is now so blindly crucifying. It may; but no man is wise enough to say.

Let me only say that in any case I for one am hopeful toward the future. After what I have been saying surely no one will ever accuse me of holding a special brief for the church! I do believe, as you must see, in facing the facts, all of them, no matter how unpleasant or disquieting they may be. But now having faced the facts I would have you understand that I am no Jeremiah, vainly bewailing a decadent church and without any hope of a restitution of the sanctuary of the living God. If, as many thoughtful men are predicting, the present church degenerate into a mere private chapel for the repetition of the old mummeries and mockeries and for the defense of a ruling caste in society in all their economic forgeries and robberies of the people, then another and more massive church[3] will arise to minister to the needs and protect the rights of the masses of the earth. This present generation is witnessing, both on the battlefield and no less in the field of industrial warfare, the final struggle of the forces of greed and injustice against the superior forces of justice and good-will. The peoples of the world, God's commons everywhere, are arising to establish a commonwealth on earth.

And in the midst of that coming commonwealth some kind of church will lift the spirit of humanity up on high. The free men of the coming day may not call it a church. They may name it the People's Temple, the Common Sanctuary, the Altar of Humanity, or by some other sanctifying title. But no matter about its name. This church of the coming commonwealth, by whatever name it may be called, will be in actual fact what the present day church makes a pretense of being—the palladium of the people's liberties, the custodian of their common wealth, the defender of their common rights. It will be, I should think, something like the Secret Lodge that gifted preacher of Nazareth sought to establish in Jerusalem nineteen centuries ago;—a foregathering place for the wretched and oppressed and dispossessed of the earth,—from whose sanctuary the word of perfect peace shall go forth; a place of authority wherein the common needs and rights of the people of the earth shall be uncompromisingly proclaimed and all violations of those needs and rights fearlessly denounced.

VI.

The commonest concern of the commonest man on earth is the eternal concern of God. A world in which a single, solitary man goes cold or hungry or homeless, is a wrong world—wrong by the eternal standards. The church of the future will search out and mercilessly expose before the eyes of all the world the class of men who are responsible for this primary wrong. It will place all its ancient sanctions and all its mystical authority solidly on the side of the coming commonwealth. It will openly second and support the forces already massed against the "huge monolith of injustice" which for too long now has disturbed the peace and destroyed the happiness of the common peoples of the earth. It will say to the dispossessed of the earth that they are entitled to be fed and clothed and housed; will teach them how, not in defiance of any God's law, but rather in the very name of eternal justice, to reclaim the common rights and properties which have been withheld from them through the centuries. And I will tell the people that God is with them—the only God there is; even that spirit of justice and love which now, as of old, is still struggling for possession of the institutions and souls of mankind. That spirit, cast out of the church, is slowly arising, again as of old, in the struggling masses of the world.

VII.

This will be the primary message of the church of the coming commonwealth. What faint-hearted men now tremble and guilty men are now scandalized to hear from the lips of the street corner agitator their children will hear proclaimed from the emancipated pulpits of their generation. Once the church begins to speak this word of economic justice, to put its forces understandingly on the side of the great mass movements of the day, it may then turn to so-called "spiritual" matters with some hope of getting a sympathetic hearing from the masses of men now outside the church.[4] When men of the coming commonwealth have eaten and are filled, have clothed themselves and are warm, have builded safe dwellings and quiet resting places for themselves and their children, after their common cause of justice has been won all over the earth—then these masses of mankind will turn in confidence to any church which has openly aided and comforted and cheered them on in their heart-breaking struggle against their traditional enemies and oppressors. This is certain sure. For in the coming commonwealth men will be just as human as they are now. As human, they will have passions to subdue, sorrows to be solaced, hopes and dreams to be brought true, mysteries to be seen through. Once their elemental needs are satisfied, their primal

3. I say, a "church." But I am not thinking of buildings and endowments and such like things. The coming church, for all I know, may have no properties or accoutrements. It may be just a movement of the spirit directing the destinies and controlling the minds of men. The nearest approach I know of to this kind of religion of the spirit is the Free Religious Association. With its program of scientific religion and industrial democracy it may well be at least a foreshadowing of the kind of invisible church we are speaking of.

4. But only then, remember. "It is quite true," I heard a socialist speaker say the other day in commenting upon a much abused text—"It is quite true that a 'man does not live by bread alone,' but a man has got to have some bread to begin on!"

rights guaranteed, their faces no longer ground down in this frightful struggle for bread, then they are going to want to turn those faces toward the Eternal.

We have here the ancient office of religion: to take human beings just as they are; to believe in them and teach them to believe in themselves and in their divine rights; to lead them on to a commonwealth on earth whose one foundation stone shall be economic justice, and at last to point them through the Great Unknown toward the eternal "I AM."

Why is it that the church today is denied the privilege of performing this high office for the masses of men? Why? Because it has forfeited that privilege by its persistent faithlessness to the needs and rights of the common peoples of the earth. But let a twentieth century Prophet arise among men, some Son of a Worker, a man of the people, with wisdom to see and courage to proclaim this vision of a coming commonwealth, and the masses of men, as of old, are going to hear him gladly. But hear him, or even so much as enter his church, they cannot and will not, except he be with them, body and soul, in their great class struggle.

1914-1918.

I.

What has our longing availed us,
We who have labored for Man?
Youthtime and age-time have failed us;
Love is still under a ban.

But we have followed the Gleam,
And we know it was not a dream.

Say you, The world doth but flaunt us,
Now let us lie at our ease;
Long have men heard, but to taunt us,
Now let them drift as they please?

They who once follow the Gleam
Swerve not to things that but seem.

II.

What! We, of all men, to fear
Because the things we held dear
Seem farther off, perchance, than once we thought?
No! We shall work on still;
Work on, adding will to will,
Till fact, in the end, prove that good for which we fought.

III.

Whatever men may think or do,
Whatever strange gods they pursue,
This, followed by many or by few,
Must still and forever be true:—

The only thing to fear is Fear,
The only doubtful thing is Doubt;
Nobility shall yet draw near,
And love work more love out.

JAMES H. WEST.

We cannot afford not to believe in ourselves, our own power of moral recuperation and influence. Out of this lower human trust will grow a higher one. Out of duty well and cheerfully performed the spirit of worship and praise will grow. We gain happiness, here or hereafter, only as we create it here on the way.—*Celia Parker Woolley.*

Uncle Tom's Cabin Re-read

To re-read this courageous story at the present moment is an experience worth much to anyone interested in the great problems of our time. In one way or another it touches on the roots of most of them, while in some instances the vision of the author into futurity is revealed as startlingly accurate. Slavery was the burning question when Mrs. Stowe wrote, and we, facing questions equally critical, can understand the psychology back of the book, its production and influence, in a way impossible to us on first reading, if that came, as is so often the case, during childhood.

In anticipating the condition of the free negro in the north, Mrs. Stowe sketched in the outlines of the picture confronting us today. She says:

> Suppose we should rise up tomorrow and emancipate, who would educate these millions, and teach them to use their freedom? . . . They will have to go north, where labor is the fashion. . . . How many merchants would take Adolph, if I wanted to make him a clerk; or mechanics, if I wanted him taught a trade? If I wanted to put Jane and Rosa to a school, how many schools are there in the northern states that would take them in? How many families that would board them?

In the matter of schools we have, perhaps, approached the demands of justice, but just recently I heard a gentle little white woman, the late lamented head of the Frederick Douglass settlement in Chicago, tell of the many difficulties facing the negro boy or girl educated and equipped to fill any of the positions open to youth. Few employers, as yet, have the courage to retain a negro worker, no matter how efficient, in the face of organized protest from the white employes with whom he works. As a result the negro student very naturally asks himself, "What is the use?" and is discouraged at the outset of his training. Education, without economic equality, is indeed a questionable blessing.

Mrs. Stowe foreshadows, also, the thing for which the world is hoping today, when she makes the freed and educated negro, George Harris, say:

> If Europe ever becomes a grand council of free nations,—as I trust in God it will,—if, there, serfdom and all unjust and oppressive social inequalities are done away; and if they, as France and England have done, acknowledge our position, then in the great congress of nations we will make our appeal. . . .

And again:

> To the Anglo-Saxon race have been entrusted the destinies of the world during its pioneer period of struggle and conflict. To that mission its stern, inflexible, energetic elements were well adapted; but, as a Christian, I look for another era to rise. On its borders I trust we stand; and the throes that now convulse the nations are, to my hope, but the birth-pangs of an hour of universal peace and brotherhood.

This is a long look ahead for a woman of the early nineteenth century. I wonder if she had any glimpses of the bloody road humanity was to find it necessary to follow, toward that shining goal? Evidently not, for in all her book there is not one word suggesting that war might come, either civil or world-wide. Her faith was in justice and in non-resistance. Tom's triumph was that of the spirit, but does any reader question its power among his fellows? Tom was a con-

scientious objector. When ordered to flog a fellow-slave, his answer was:

> I'm willin' to work night and day, and work while there's life and breath in me, but this yer thing I can't feel it right to do, and, Massa, I *never* shall do it—*never!*

In interpreting the character of the negro, the author faces us with another of our present problems, not, perhaps, generally recognized as such:

> If not a commanding and dominant race, they are, at least, an affectionate, magnanimous and forgiving one. Having been called in the furnace of injustice and oppression, they have need to bind closer to their hearts that sublime doctrine of love and forgiveness, through which alone they are to conquer.

And what is it we are doing to these gentle people? In the name of industry and labor we massacre them; in the name of patriotism we call them together in meetings to hear tirades of hate against Germany, poured forth from Anglo-Saxon lips. No wonder that an agonizing minister, helpless in his capacity of host, on one such occasion recently spoke of the audience as "dazed and blunted" by the experience.

In still another respect, Mrs. Stowe's wide grasp of the inter-relations of things has impressed me. Although capitalism had not yet become a recognized force in this country, she sees its power in England, and, through the character of Augustine St. Clare, compares it with the slave-holding system here:

> Alfred . . . stands on that good old respectable ground, the right of the strongest, and he says . . . that the American planter is only doing, in another form, what the English aristocracy and capitalists are doing by the lower classes . . . appropriating them, body and bone, soul and spirit, to their convenience.

It is words such as these which I believe guarantee the place of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" among the lasting books of the world. It deals directly and powerfully with vital questions of human life, in their universal as well as in their momentary local aspects.

Perhaps I am rating this work too high. In thought and purpose it is so refreshingly genuine and in earnest that it is hard for me to think of it merely as an art production, or judge it from that point of view. I always rebel, instinctively, when a clear cut distinction is drawn between "propagandist" and "artist," as if the two could never, under any circumstances, be one. While of course all work produced with a purpose is not art, I can see no reason why the artist, the one with power of making others see and feel what he has felt, may not now and then be fired by some human injustice to give to the world his protest in art form. I do not consider Mrs. Stowe to be one of the greatest figures in literature, by any means, but she had the story teller's gift, and in this book has used it with high intent.

As to style, I find much with which I am out of sympathy. Her pathos is without the restraint we are accustomed to, as shown by our universal impatience with the elongated death scene of little Eva. The character of Eva, I think, impresses me least of all, in this re-reading. Mrs. Stowe's theology, throughout, is so very definite that I am tempted to look back upon her somewhat pityingly, from the heights of a liberal religion, contrasting our "reverent agnosticism" with the sure apprehensions of her creed:

> Christians! Every time that you pray that the kingdom of Christ may come, can you forget that prophecy associates in dread fellowship the *day of vengeance* with the year of his redeemed?

So, from page to page, the insistence of her piety beats unheeded on our modern ears, unless, sometimes, we pause to reflect that after all the basic principles which she holds up still serve the world well, and are fundamental to all faiths, as to the ethics of those who profess to live without religious faith.

RUTH R. PEARSON.

Smokeless and Beerless Days

Rev. James H. Ecob of Flushing, L. I., a Unitarian minister well known to many Friends, has written the following letter to the editor of the Flushing *Journal*:

DEAR SIR:—Is it not about time to jog the masculine mind that certain economies point significantly to the *men* of the country? We have no end of such hysteria as the following:

"A woman's hand is at the throttle of the Allies' war-machines."

"The woman who purchases anything without exercising strict discrimination is, in peace times, a deterrent in industrial development; in war-time a traitor to her country's cause."

The women are implored for the salvation of their country to save out of every loaf of bread a tablespoonful or two of the precious wheat flour and make up by putting in left-over rice, or cold potatoes, or bran, or corn meal, or almost any refuse stuff about the house which the wise man tells us has "calories"! Magic word! The women must religiously abstain from doughtnuts to conserve the priceless fat which alone can save the country from scourge of tuberculosis. They must make no more bottom crusts to their pies. They must hold their families to wheatless, meatless, sugarless days. They must even go on half rations of fresh air to save the shovelful of black diamonds.

Could hysteria go farther? Yet, Mr. Editor, I venture the assertion that 99 per cent. of this frantic advice to the women was uttered through a cloud of masculine tobacco smoke.

Have these gentlemen preachers of patriotic economy never heard that it takes 1,000,000 acres of the best land in the world to raise their annual tobacco crop? Have they never heard that it requires several hundred thousand able-bodied men to put their product on the market? Do they not know that every year they puff away in smoke more than a million dollars?

Come now, gentlemen, play fair! The women have given us left-over rice, cold potatoes, bran and—"calories" in our bread; they have given us bottomless pies, and war cake without eggs or sugar or anything else recognizable except New Orleans molasses; they have held us strictly to the whole line of days sans meat, sans wheat, sans pretty much everything else that makes life possible or endurable. Now, gentlemen, it is up to you to do your bit. We will take, if you please, two smokeless days a week. If your consciences have not hung too long in the smoke house, they surely ought to respond to so rational and patriotic a demand.

Just a moment, gentlemen. One more little item for your consideration! Do you know that every day 4,000,000 loaves of good bread go into your beer mugs? Twenty-eight million loaves every week! Quite a baking, isn't it? Will you try to visualize the meaning of it? What leagues of fine grain land; what armies of workmen; what buildings and railroads and saloons and billions of dollars go to get that vast grain product ready for your beer glasses!

Gentlemen, it behooves you to talk very small on patriotism while these facts of your two pet vices are known and read of all men. Your country is still waiting to hear of at least two beerless days each week. Possibly this modest "bit" on your part may help to postpone the dread day when national prohibition will introduce you to the horrors of a beerless existence.

JAMES H. ECOB.

The letter seems to have produced some effect upon the *editor* at least, for he writes:

> Dr. Ecob puts patriotism up to the men-folks with a punch. Personally, we are exempt from the beer drinkers

—never did like the stuff! But we must plead guilty to being among the tobacco-users—quite some! Dr. Ecob's argument is a good one, and we will make this concession to it: We will declare two tobaccoless days a week for ourself, and will put the amount we would use up in smokes on those two days into smokes for the soldiers. Don't know that that will meet with the good Doctor's approval, but how about it, fellows!

Friends Intelligencer & Journal.

Correspondence

SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY RECEPTION OF GEORGE WILLIS COOKE.

Editor UNITY:

There were certain features of the seventieth birthday reception given to the *Reverend George Willis Cooke* (at Channing Hall in the Unitarian Building, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Tuesday afternoon, April 23d) suggestive of funeral eulogies, so many kind and appreciative things were said of him. The floral offerings, however, were "spiritual bouquets," to use that fine phrase of the Roman Church in the Free Religious sense. They were not prayers for the dead but hearty well wishes for the living. There were many timely, beautiful and fragrant testimonies of appreciative friends, absent and present, among whom were counted men and women of light and leading in the land, such as might make even the ears of an arch-angel tingle with joy. But it was much nicer than a funeral, more cheerful and wholesome. For the subject of eulogy was not "the late," "absent" or "departed," for our friend was very much present, and he also had a message to give which was characteristic, clear and full of vision and hope. As one speaking prophetically from the height of seventy years, he admitted that his view was more optimistic then when he had undertaken to tell how things looked at thirty-five. As the address has already found a further deliverance in the columns of UNITY, there will be no call to say more about it here. As doubtless an official report of the reception will also appear in these columns from another hand, only the present writer's personal testimony to Mr. Cooke is here offered. Not only have I known him in a fairly familiar way since coming to New England from the West, about twenty-five years ago, but he was one of the first men at "25 Beacon Street" I called on when I arrived somewhat dazzled if not dazed by the intellectual glory of Boston, as one coming from the outer darkness. My first acquaintance with Mr. Cooke as a man of letters was before that. It began with the reading of his "Life of Emerson" away back there in 1885 or 1886, in my first parish in Greeley, Colorado. It not only made me want to know more of the Concord philosopher and seer but it made me want to know the man who could show us the master. I remember a lady there who said she had met the author, George Willis Cooke, and she was thenceforth looked upon by me as a person especially favored by the gods.

In connection with the Unity Club movement which Mr. Cooke did so much to found and foster, I had much help from him. Our Unity clubs in Wichita, Kansas, and Olympia, Washington, where we read and tried to understand Emerson, cut a considerable swath in the social and intellectual circles in those fair fields of alert thought, quick appreciation and vigorous aspiration. Having been "borned" on the edge of an Illinois prairie as yet untilled and unfenced in the late fifties, I had never met an author of books in the flesh. And Mr. Cooke, if I mistake not, was the first one I ever met face to face, and I confess he was something of a disappointment. I thought at first there was some mistake, but he assured me that he was "George Willis Cooke," so I thought he must be right and I had to revise the picture I had made of the sort of man I had expected to see. He had no attenuated halo! His broad, well bronzed face did not show anything of the "pale cast of thought." His broad shoulders and well knit frame somehow did not fit in with my previously conceived ideas of an erudite scholar and man of letters. To what fool ideas we do give brain room sometimes! Come to think of it, why shouldn't a man of broad mind and depth of thought be broad-shouldered and deep-chested? Why shouldn't the man who handles "the pen of a ready writer" be able to fell an ox with his arm? Why shouldn't the man of brains be brawny as well? Comrade Cooke's good staunch body has stood him in good stead. He has had perhaps more than his share of burdens, more than his share of hardship. Yet still his shoulders are broad, and as one said at the meeting, "his eye is undimmed and his natural force is unabated." A lady speaker said that a few years ago she would have been glad to have had him tell her what kind of hair-dye he used. The snows of seventy winters had left no trace of white upon his locks. Plain living, hard work and wholesome thinking must have been the secret, supported by a physical constitution bequeathed to him considerably better than the ordinary allotment to frail mortals. Constitutionally he looks today as if he might qualify for the Century Club and reach a hundred useful and fruitful years. Such attainment for their own sake and for his own and for the world which he serves so well in so many ways, is the sincere wish and ardent prayer of a host of loyal and devoted friends far and wide wherever his name is known. Preacher, scholar, writer, lecturer, historian, courageous pioneer and prophet of a more thorough democratization of industry and world organization before these ideas had gained even a respectful hearing in high places, some one fitly describes him as a many sided man. But he is not two-faced. He has the courage of the soldier of truth for his convictions. While one might not be able to agree with him always, one can not help but respect the man, as well as his opinions, for he is known to be a clear, concise thinker, a close student and without the scholar's oft besetting sin of arrogance and conceit. Perhaps he does not expect everybody to agree with him just yet. Nevertheless he is always agreeable, frank and friendly.

N. S. HOAGLAND.

Concord Junction, Mass., April 28.

"It is a great and solemn thing to say to another human soul: In this one life that we have to live, we will share things temporal and spiritual. Your joys shall be my joys. Your sorrows shall be my sorrows. With you I need not be too greatly reserved. To you I may speak the deep thought of my heart. To you only can I say, 'Behold, here am I, an undisguised human soul; all others know me in one mood; you know me in all moods.' "—*Anna Robertson Brown.*

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The History and Practice of Religion

Being the First Year's Work in the Seven Years' Course of Study, as Given by Jenkin Lloyd Jones to His Classes at the Abraham Lincoln Centre

Beginnings

Myth and Legend Versus the True Story

Prepared for UNITY by Miss May Johnson and Mrs. William Rothmann

XVII.

The Thought of Heaven and Hell

No evil can befall a good man, either in life or in death. —*Socrates.*

Our tangible field this morning is the theory of the fate of the soul after death. Theodore Parker claimed that no religion was ever formulated that did not assume three things: a divine power, God; a continuous life, immortality, and a sense of duty, conscience.

In our thinking, Heaven and Hell are peculiarly Christian products. The Old Testament did not throw much light or teach dogma on the life after death. The older theologians tell us that the Jews had no sense of immortality until Jesus came, that God gave his revelation piecemeal adapted to the successive stages of development of his chosen people. To the Jews, he first gave law; to the Jews, he first formulated the foundations of the ethical life; to the Jews, he laid down the conditions of life here. When Jesus came, he added thereto the doctrine of life after death and gave to man a sense of continued existence.

As a matter of fact the student can trace the rise of a very clear grip on the future life among the Jews. We see it dawning in the declarations of the prophets. It breaks out every once in a while in the Psalms and the literature of the three hundred years before Jesus came, which we call the Apocrypha, is beset with immortality and angels, radiant with the next world. The New Testament teaching came into a field well prepared by the Jewish thought, rich in Jewish poetry and very interesting in Jewish legend, myth and miracle.

The word for the after world in Jewish literature is Sheol, in Greek Hades, in English Hell. But these three words if used in translating from one language to another are not quite synoymous. The Sheol of the Jews was a dim underworld where disembodied spirits retired to some kind of a shadowy life to await some kind of a destiny, experience or evolution which they did not pretend to describe. The Greek Hades seemed to be a little more definite, a little fuller in its literary expression, but it was the place of the disembodied, the good and bad all went to Hades and only by rare intervention of divine help from the gods was a soul permitted to escape. Hell is a word allied to jail, a prison, a place of confinement, having in it Persian and Teutonic elements. By the time we reach the Christian era the old Parsee dualistic idea had come to stay. Zoroaster had reduced the forces of the world into two antagonistic elements and through him there came the deep line of demarcation definitely fixed between the kingdom of the Devil and the Kingdom of God.

Christian theology accepted that theory. Milton lifted it into great poetry and to him Christianity is more indebted than to the Bible for a Protestant conception of everlasting division at death between the redeemed and the damned. We can hardly realize how deeply embedded even in modern thought is that primal atrocity. The doctrine of an endless hell and a never ending heaven to be won by the short apprenticeship of life in this world is unethical, radically unreasonable and unjust. The thought of the average Christian of heaven is just as unreal, fictitious and abnormal as is that of hell.

What is the rational idea? The soul is a progressive entity, constantly profiting by its experience. It is at school and there is no graduation. The soul is an educative reality.

After we have rejected Hell as a dogma comes the new thought. We cannot do without hell. We cannot get rid of the consequences of our wrong doing.

A Universalist preacher, chaplain in the northern Army, was asked if he was going to send the rebels to hell. His reply was that perhaps hell was a military necessity during war but that after the war was over he was going back to universalism. He need not have been stampeded because hell as a training school of spirit becomes very necessary. The old pagan, Omar Khayyam of the 12th century, who had so much sense in many ways, touches pretty nearly the heart of the rational idea of heaven and hell in one of his Rubaiyats:

> I sent my Soul through the Invisible,
> Some letter of that After-life to spell:
> And by and by my Soul return'd to me,
> And answer'd, "I myself am Heav'n and Hell."
>
> Heav'n but the Vision of fulfill'd Desire,
> And Hell the Shadow from a soul on fire
> Cast on the Darkness into which Ourselves,
> So late emerg'd from, shall so soon expire.

One of the unquestioned great modern poems is Francis Thompson's "The Hound of Heaven." The burden of it is that the hound that haunts you, follows you, pursues you relentlessly with his menace, his thirst, the hound which you try in every way to escape, is not the messenger of the devil but the messenger of God, not the hound of hell but the hound of heaven, and you cannot get away from him in time or eternity.

> I fled Him, down the nights and down the days;
> I fled Him, down the arches of the years;
> I fled Him down the labyrinthine ways
> Of my own mind; and in the mist of tears
> I hid from Him, and under running laughter.
> Up vistaed hopes, I sped;
> And shot, precipitated,
> Adown Titanic glooms of chasmèd fears,
> From those strong feet that followed, followed after.
>
> But with unhurrying chase,
> And unperturbèd pace,
> Deliberate speed, majestic instancy,
> They beat—and a Voice beat
> More instant than the Feet—
> "All things betray thee, who betrayest Me."

At last he listens to the Voice:

> All which I took from thee I did but take,
> Not for thy harms,
> But just that thou might'st seek it in My arms.
> All which thy child's mistake

Fancies as lost, I have stored for thee at home:
Rise, clasp My hand, and come."

Halts by me that footfall:
Is my gloom, after all
Shade of His hand, outstretched caressingly?
"Ah, fondest, blindest, weakest,
I am He Whom thou seekest!
Thou dravest love from thee, who dravest Me."

Of the conditions of heaven and hell we know something. The recording angel is very real. He posts our books, registers our accounts. On the tablets of our body he records our dissipations. The bloated body, the blurred face, the bleary eye, the tottering step, the perverse nerves are all evidences of heavenly bookkeeping. The other column of spiritual accounting is not so easy to realize; the blurred ideals, the dulled imagination, the confused judgment and the stolid conscience. As a help to this conception read Stephen Phillips's "The Woman with the Dead Soul." Stephen Phillips, Francis Thompson and Omar Khayyam of the twelfth century will help us to realize the exact bookkeeping with every soul of the universe.

As I understand the theosophist philosophy, their doctrine of Karma is an oriental phrasing of the doctrine of character. We are what we make ourselves. Karma is the accumulation of our experience, the totality of our life acquired through pain or pleasure, through virtue or sin; it survives and endures. While making no attempt at interpretation here is a profound truth, a splendid idea. But ancient Hindu wisdom is not all we have. Life has added a plus since the ancients got through with it and we want all there is, ancient and modern, eastern and western.

The doctrine of the inevitable bookkeeping of the eternal powers carries with it a warning and an inspiration which the old dogma of a pursuing devil and a gaping hell never did. The soul recoils with a sense of injustice from the old thought while soon or late it will resign itself to the benignant arms of religion.

This is modern enlargement, not addition. There is not any *new* thought, but there are fresh interpretions, new applications. The old psychology was painfully in the singular number. We see it in the old hymn:

A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify,
A never-dying soul to save
And fit it for the sky.

It denotes a high quest, but we are beginning to realize with Whittier that "The soul is lost that is saved alone." There is no such thing as individual salvation. Not only is heaven a co-operative institution; we are all in the hell making business and we have raised the hell industry into a highly co-operative organization. A right philosophy of hell will lead you to a right philosophy of heaven.

The dictionary gives a little help. The word heaven is allied to the Saxon "heave," that which is lifted up. "Duty" is related to "deity" and deity comes from the Sanskrit "dyous," identified with the sky. You will see the aptness of the figure that puts the abode of woe down in darkness and the abode of the blessed up in the light. Perhaps the Greeks have no definite location for their Elysian fields but Olympus was the highest hill they knew of. Apollo was lifted into the sunshine and light. The suggestions of art, fancy and dream will carry you further in your heavenly quest than any philosophy.

Paul was conversant with the current thought regarding seven heavens, elaborated in the book of Enoch. There are those who think they have supernatural spiritual experience. In this connection the word of a Hindu is interesting. He says the *new* India is trying to appropriate what the western world clearly has to give, economic, commercial, educational and scientific advantages. But he adds that they must get rid of the infatuation still obtaining among their young men, for "trances, rhapsodies and meditations." They must with their eyes wide open avail themselves of all the helps that come through the senses. India has no investment of spirituality that outreaches that of the western world.

Joseph Fort Newton, in his book "The Mercy of Hell," has tried to bring out the same thought. There is a hell but it is a benignant expression of divine power. Science cannot find a spot as big as a man's hand in all the immensity of space upon which the devil could put his foot because law and order obtain everywhere. Do not let us make the physical and spiritual forces antagonistic. The totality of man is needed in the progress of the world.

QUESTIONS.

(1) What was the early conception of the Jew of the soul after death?

(2) How did that change?

(3) What great English poet fastened the idea of endless Hell and Heaven upon Protestantism?

(4) What is the rational idea of today of the growth of the soul?

(5) Where are our "soul records" made and kept?

Welcome Grosbeaks

If you should happen to discover a brilliant plumaged bird poking around your potato vines, the best thing that you can do is to "go back and sit down." At any rate do not disturb him, for ten to one it is a rose-breasted grosbeak. If you ever had friends in your potato patch, the rose-breasted grosbeak and his somber colored mate surely class with the best of them.

Here's the proof:

Part of our garden was planted with potatoes and as usual we purchased spraying material to exterminate the bugs we always had to contend with.

A pair of rose-breasted grosbeaks built their ragged looking nest in an apple tree near the garden, and as the potato vines began to spread out and invite the mandolin-backed bugs to "come on," the grosbeaks got busy. Regularly every day those birds went over the patch and kept the bugs absolutely cleaned up. We did not spray the vines at all, as it was totally unnecessary.

The birds were very thorough in their search. They would light on the vines and crawl and flutter in amongst them.

If you hear the metallic "wenk" of a grosbeak near your potato patch, shake hands with yourself, for you have found a good friend.

Our Dumb Animals. *George S. Brown.*

PUBLISHED WEEKLY **UNITY** ESTABLISHED 1878

$2.00 PER ANNUM

With THE FREE RELIGIOUS ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA, THE CONGRESS OF RELIGIONS, and all other organizations and individuals seeking to widen fellowship and to realize the Brotherhood of the Spirit unrimmed by creed, form or sectarian prejudices.

SENIOR EDITOR ..... JENKIN LLOYD JONES
ASSISTANT EDITOR ..... EDITH LLOYD JONES

EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTORS

Charles E. Beals	Fred V. Hawley	George W. Nasmyth
Charles W. Casson	Emil G. Hirsch	William M. Salter
Francis A. Christie	John Haynes Holmes	Frederick Starr
George Willis Cooke	Chester Lloyd Jones	Jabez T. Sunderland
Percy M. Dawson	David Starr Jordan	Albert R. Vail
Frank C. Doan	Newton Mann	Arthur L. Weatherly
Charles F. Dole	George Grover Mills	Charles W. Wendte
William C. Gannett	Fred A. Moore	James H. West

The UNITY Publishing Company
Abraham Lincoln Centre, 700 Oakwood Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

"Entered as Second-Class Matter, January 12, 1899, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under Act of March 3, 1879."

THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do Good is my Religion."

TOWER HILL SUMMER ENCAMPMENT. Open July 1. For particulars address Mrs. Edith Lloyd Jones, 700 Oakwood Boul., Chicago.

WANTED—A woman cook and assistant for Tower Hill. Apply as above.

UNITARIAN TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

REV. JOHN HAYNES HOLMES, *President*, New York, N. Y.

MRS. FRANK L. YOUNG, *Vice-President*, Dorchester, Mass.

REV. LYMAN V. RUTLEDGE, *Secretary, pro tem*, Cambridge, Mass.

CHARLES H. STEARNS, *Treasurer*, Brookline, Mass.

Ratification Year

Eleven states have already ratified the Constitutional Amendment to Prohobition. Eight of these states are Democratic states; three are Republican, one being the state where Unitarianism runs strong—*Massachusetts.*

Next year every Legislature meets, and every Unitarian Church should form a small Ratification Committee and take orders from the Anti-Saloon League of the state. States like Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York and New Jersey should have strong committees in readiness. In the meantime the *Unitarian Temperance Society* will supply literature. The Eastern states are low in education.

Now!—This moment!—the thing to do is to get behind the primaries and see that only Dry Men go to the Legislature. That is the politics of it. The education of it is poster campaigns and distribution of literature (much needed in the East). Rhode Island, New York and New Jersey must not fail next year as they did this.

If Massachusetts had enough red-blooded, middle-class virility to ratify—any state has! Please do not let the Methodists and Baptists do it all.

Form Ratification Committees Now!
Create Dry Sentiment!
Send Dry Men to the Legislature!
—E. Tilton.

A GLIMPSE OF SERMAIZE.

Two nights at Sermaize meant more Both were spent in indulging in pre- to me than any two nights in months. war luxuries—the kind of thing we had forgotten existed since we came to France. One night I slept twelve hours; and the other night we wrangled and argued the problems of the universe long past midnight.

There is a rare crowd of talkers at Sermaize, and they gather for the week-ends. After a week in a peasant's cottage, threshing wheat or driving cars or carrying bedding, they gather to settle what statesmen have failed to solve. They dissect the organization of society and reconstruct it as it should be reconstructed—and each man differently from his neighbor; and then they mount to the dissection of each other's reconstructions.

Capitalism and Socialism, war and peace, trade unions, guilds, the decline of art, the evils of industrialism, the gospel of efficiency, vegetarianism—all these are argued. And the group about the iron stove finally broke up at Birrell's dictum,—that we would believe in vivisection if only it could be of dogs, by dogs, and for dogs!

When men toil with their hands for six days of the week, these seemingly sterile battles of the mind on Saturday nights are sorely needed.

Sermaize is the heart of the Friends' work in France. It was at Sermaize that it started; people have gone out from Sermaize to found new *equipes* all over France.

Emergency work no longer characterizes Sermaize. There are gardens about the little brown red-tiled houses which the English Friends erected among heaps of stones two or three years ago; sheds have been built up behind. More than that, new brick houses are being built by the people of Sermaize themselves; piles of fresh brick line the roadway, and lean against the ragged remnants of old ruins. The resurrection of Sermaize has begun; its people have beds and blankets now, and the relief work has correspondingly lessened.

Agricultural work continues, as it must continue until the men come back from the trenches to thresh their own wheat. Early Monday mornings all through the winter half dozen pairs of men set out to near-by villages to thresh in the farmers' barns. They lived with the peasants until Saturday night, and then came home to Sermaize. Over a thousand tons of grain they threshed, which but for them might have rotted. When spring came—and it comes early in France—they started plowing.

Health is the key-word at Sermaize today—as it is everywhere in France where the first hectic emergency demands for beds and clothes and shelter have been met. Almost doctorless for three years, the peace-time civil hospitals requisitioned for military use, the local doctors called to military stations, the country about Sermaize is now being netted in a medical system.

Behind the Friends' headquarters in the old hotel outside the town at La Source is a little twenty-bed hospital in wooden barracks, such as are put up for returning refugees. It has been there for three years, staffed by the English; but today there is a larger hospital at the other end of the town—Dr. Babbitt's Chateau Hospital. It is the headquarters of the Friends' medical work in the eastern Marne and the western Meuse.

Dr. Babbitt's energy and enthusiasm have turned a bare chateau, battered by use as a military barracks, into a bustling American-style hospital, every crack and cranny utilized; and plans have been laid for its extension in barracks to be built on the lawn and in the kitchen garden.

Surgical cases flow in and out of his hospital at an astonishing rate. They come in from over a score of towns and villages scattered over the Marne and Meuse; and, as soon as they can be moved, they pass on from the Chateau to the convalescent hospitals at La Source and at Bettancourt, once a children's home. The children have gone on to a new home at St. Remyen-Bouzemont.

* * * * *

La Source Hospital has its barracks on a hillside; Bettancourt is in another chateau six or eight miles away. A great square chateau it is, surrounded by a moat and reached from the high-road, through a great double avenue of trees. But French chateaus are usually more picturesque than hygienic. There is no running water—the water for the chateau's baths is heated in great pots on the old-fashioned set-in kitchen stove, and poured into a rolling bath-tub.

The picture I carried away most vividly from Bettancourt was of a dozen bubbling happy babies squatted on the

floor before their one-foot-high dinner tables, and of their roar of welcome when Miss Coale and Miss Kennedy came in. It was just before the babies were sent to St. Remy to make room for convalescents from Dr. Babbitt's hospital. Their faces were dirty and they had spilled mush on their bibs, but they unanimously invited kisses. I asked them their names. One answered "Jean," and another "Marcelle," but one small roly-poly son of France insisted, with evident glee in the nickname that the English women and Americans had given him, that his only name was "Fatty."

Lewis S. Gannett.

From Friends' Intelligencer, May 11, 1918.

It's a "Case" of Necessity

Your Printing will be above criticism if done by

THE OAKLAND PRESS

728 E. 39th Street
Phone Douglas 244

The Internationalist

"THE MOST CONSTRUCTIVE MAGAZINE FOR SOCIALISM IN AMERICA"

Formerly: ***The Western Comrade***

The Foremost Journalistic Champion of

International Peace
The Brotherhood of Man

It also tells all about the **Llano Del Rio Co-operative Colonies** where 1,000 Socialists, located on a fertile tract of 20,000 acres of land, have been proving for 2 years that co-operation is practicable. It explains how, in the highlands of Louisiana, the foundation has been laid for a New Social Order.

10c a Copy—No Free Samples
$1.00 a Year

The Llano Publications
Dept. U. **LEESVILLE, LA.**

DREXEL Motor Livery

Telephone { **Oakland 100** / **Drexel 5-1288**

4051 Drexel Blvd.

Pierce Arrow, Packard and Stearns

LIMOUSINES FOR HIRE

Our Rates Lowest in Chicago

Let Us Hear from Lincoln Centre If It Pays to Advertise

Sample Copies of UNITY Sent Upon Application

Advance Roofing and Sheet Metal Works

INCORPORATED

FRANK R. PRIEVE, Pres.
4830-32 Cottage Grove Ave.
Phone Oakland 3776

Sky-Lights and Sheet Metal Works. Gravel, Slate and Metal Roofing

GREGG SCHOOL

6 North Michigan Avenue
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

¶A select school of shorthand, typewriting, and allied business subjects.

¶Its courses of study are comprehensive, thorough, resultful, preparing graduates for positions as stenographers and secretaries, court reporters, commercial teachers, and in the Civil Service.

¶Day and evening sessions all the year. Students may begin any week and advance according to individual ability.

¶Gregg graduates hold positions of trust and responsibility with the leading business concerns and professional men of Chicago and elsewhere. We receive more calls than we have graduates available.

¶Call at office, write, or telephone (Randolph 6040) for a copy of our catalogue fully explaining the many exclusive advantages enjoyed by our students.

Schumann & Company

CLEANERS OF
Fancy Gowns and Kid Gloves

PHONE DREXEL 231
All Departments

MAIN OFFICE AND WORKS
3954 Cottage Grove Avenue